VOLUME 1, NUMBER 3 $5.00

meet market

ADULTS ONLY

kent & farley

"I know it must feel great, but I still can't see how you can do it, Farley," Kent Blare said to his friend sitting across the table from him in the Silver Cup on the Boulevard.

"Look," Farley Thomas said, "I don't know why you don't let me just show you—you don't have to do anything yourself—just lie back and take it!"

"It doesn't make me exactly sick, but that's what I piss through—it just doesn't seem clean!"

"Wow, man! Are you a cornball! You wouldn't mind putting your finger in your mouth, would you? And I'll guarantee that it has more germs on it than your dick has. And what about perspiration? That's a body excretion, too, and I'll bet you don't mind if some sweat gets in your mouth!"

Kent and Farley had been friends in high school and now that they were graduated, the friendship continued, even though Kent knew that Farley was a cocksucker and what's more, a hustler on Selma. For as long as Kent had known Farley, Farley had been begging to suck his cock, sometimes in jest, other times seriously—and as far as Farley was concerned, he meant it all the time!

They had attended Hollywood High, and since there was such a large enrollment, Farley's sexual proclivities had gone unnoticed for the most part. He appeared to be just another healthy, growing boy and Kent was the only one who knew for sure that Farley was homosexual. Farley confined his sexual activities to Hollywood Boulevard and Selma. He had been hustling these streets since he was old enough to spurt his semen, which was at the age of eleven.

He had an almost abnormal sex drive since he was about eight years old—just after he had been taught to jack off by a neighbor boy who was several years older than he. Farley was blessed with an oversize prick, and upon seeing it one day in the school boys' room, the neighbor boy had remarked on the size of Farley's peter. Farley was embarrassed, but was highly fascinated when the lad began pulling his foreskin back and forth over the head of his dick, making his well-developed pecker swell into erection.

"What are you doing?" Farley asked, mystified.

"Jacking off. Don't you ever do it?"

"No. Why do you do it?"

"You're really dumb, aren't you? Because it feels good, silly! Don't you ever get a hard-on?"

"Like you've got now?" Farley questioned, feeling a strange urge in his youthful loins as he watched Barry pump away.

"You've got to get a hard-on to make it work!"

"I usually have one of those when I wake up in the morning and have to go to the bathroom."

Barry moved closer to Farley and said huskily, "Would you like to do it for me?"

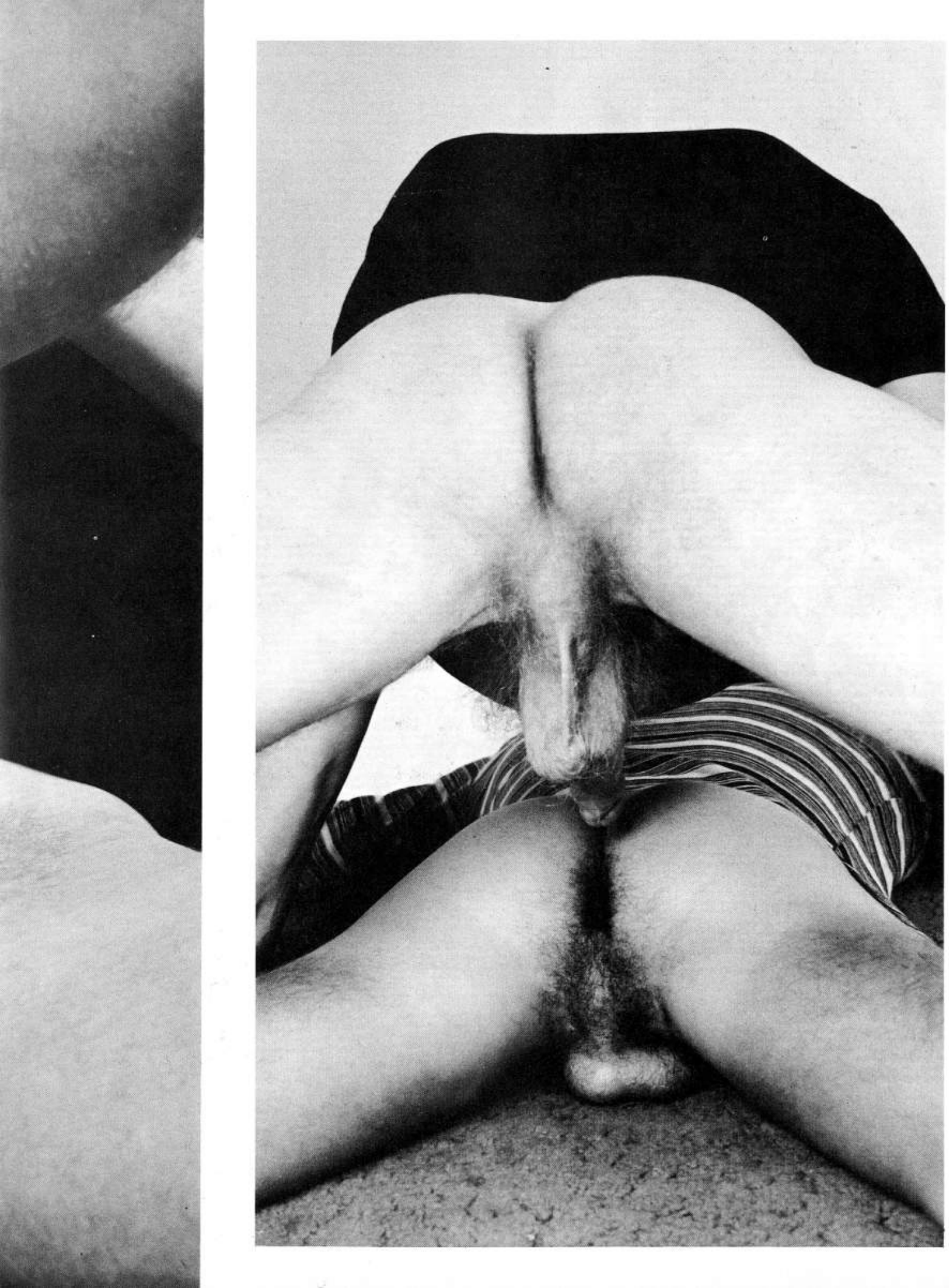
"I—I—uh—guess so." He reached over and an electric current passed through his hand as he wrapped his fist around the throbbing peter.

Farley was scarcely aware that his own dick was hard as a rock now until Barry said, "You've got a hard-on now, Farley. Look!"

He reached over and took the handsome erection in his hand. "Oooooh, that feels good!" Farley exclaimed through chattering teeth while Barry jacked him back and forth.

"Now that's jacking off!" Barry said. "Meet me after school. I know a place where no one will see us and we can do it again—okay?"

Eagerly, Farley assented and couldn't wait for school to be over so they could continue their delicious little game. All through his classes, he played with himself under the desk and had a continual hard-on until the final bell rang. He met Barry at the playground, and Barry was just as anxious to continue. Ordinarily, he wouldn't have remembered their date, but Farley's cock was larger than the other boys he played around with



and this made all the difference.

Barry led him to the garage of an unrented house on their way home and lifted up a loose board so they could crawl through into the dimly lit interior. "This is where all us guys come to jack off, Farley. Want to come with us the next time?"

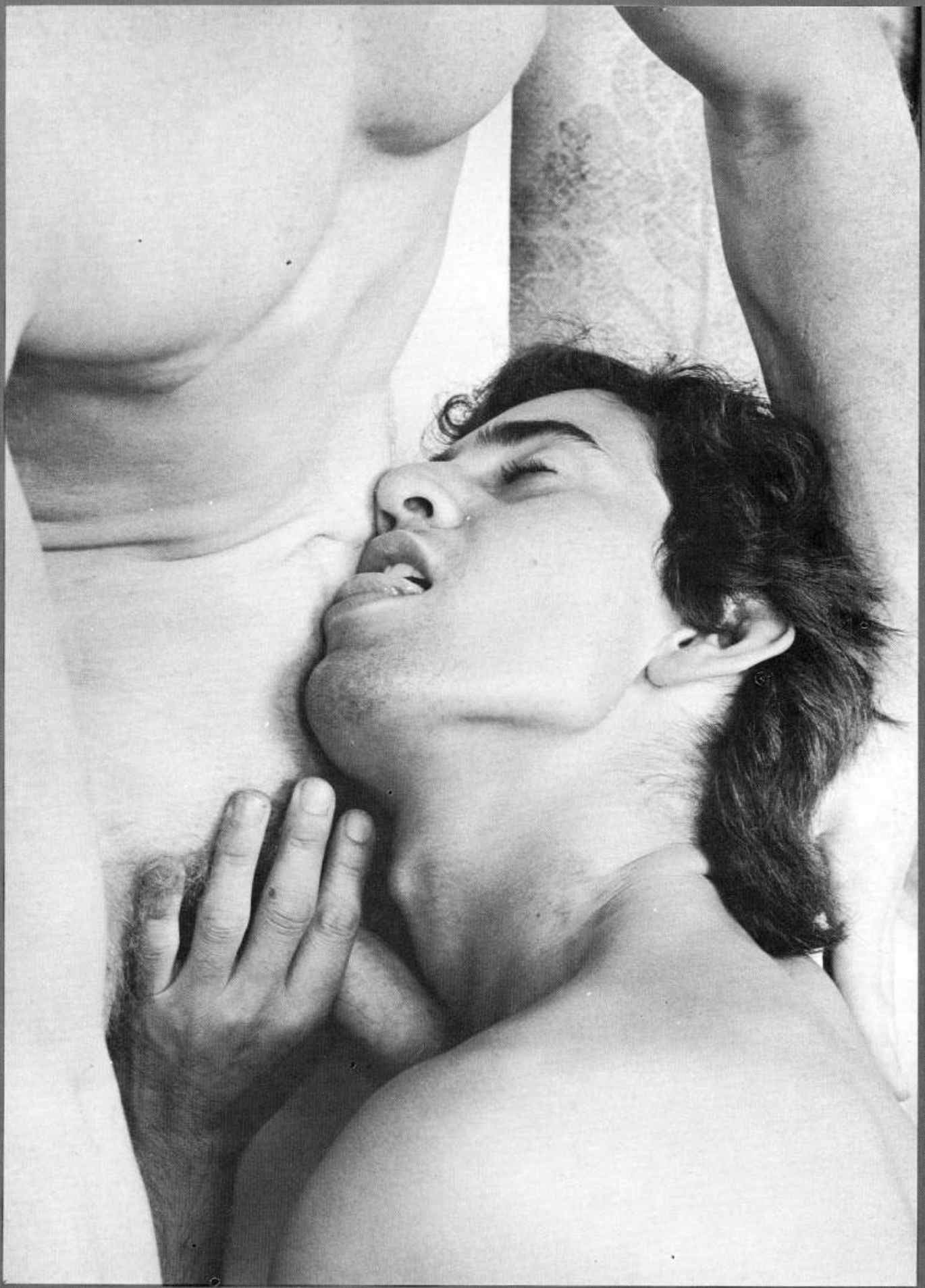
Farley nodded eagerly and Barry led him to an old cast-off sofa with some springs sticking out of the worn material. "Let's take off our clothes. It feels better!" Barry said, pulling his T-shirt over his head.

Farley was game to do anything Barry suggested and followed suit. Quickly, both boys were naked and they sat down on the couch, carefully avoiding the springs. Barry's prick was already hard and as Farley watched it pulsate, his own cock became hard as a rock and Barry reached for it again. They jacked each other off in silence, Farley's eyes glazed at the marvelous feeling inspired by Barry's educated hand.

Barry spat in his palm and applied it to Farley's now scarlet crest, then continued to jack him off. "Gosh! That feels even better!" Farley exclaimed.

"I'll show you something that feels even better than that—if you'll do it back to me!"

"Okay—what?"



Barry bent over and began to lick Farley's crest like an ice cream cone and Farley groaned at the glorious feeling. Barry continued for several minutes to really get Farley excited, then said, "Okay—it's your turn!"

Farley had a dim feeling in the back of his brain that this was uncommon, but he wanted to feel Barry's tongue on his cock again. He knew that if he didn't do it to Barry, Barry would get mad. He grasped the base of Barry's cock and gingerly touched his tongue to the dull rose crest, then slowly, he began licking. Barry's hips began to writhe and his hands played around in Farley's long blond hair. "Put it in your mouth!" Barry whispered urgently.

Barry was still jacking him off and it seemed only natural to allow the slippery crown to ease into his mouth. "Now suck on it, Farley—not hard—don't use your teeth—oooooh! That's it! Suck it harder now!"

Suddenly, Farley's stomach muscles tightened up, his thighs stiffened and his lips drew tightly over his clenched teeth. Wild lightning bolts shot off in his loins and he "tickled" for the first time. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry, the feeling was so intensely painful—or pleasurable—he couldn't tell which! But one thing he did know, he was going to do it a lot now!

From then on, he graduated to Barry's friends, all of whom took turns sucking each other off and one night, an older boy joined the circle and Farley got his first taste of hot, starchy come—which he took to immediately. Then in high school, he had cruised Kent until he followed him to the toilet and culminated in their jacking each other off. Walking home from a movie one night after that, Farley had broached the subject of sucking and Kent was turned off. Farley admitted that he was used to it and how he was now selling his body on Selma Street.

After that, Farley propositioned Kent daily and always received the same answer. But the strange thing was that it didn't interfere with their friendship.

Suddenly, Kent reached across the table and put his hand on Farley's. "I don't know quite how to tell you this, but if you'll reach under the table, you'll find something strange!"

Farley reached under the table and Kent scootched down in his seat so that his hard-on touched Farley's waiting hand. "Did I finally get through to you, Kent?" Farley asked with shining eyes.

"I've been mulling it over, and the thing that makes me the hottest is to picture you sucking my cock—and I've been thinking about giving it a try myself!"

"What are we waiting for? Let's go!"

Evidently, Kent's fantasies had etched themselves in his brain, because they're still living together—at least that's what I heard last.

GIG & DARCY

"When am I going to be able to get out of this fucking town?" Gig Barnes asked himself disconsolately. He scuffed his feet along the streets of Eureka, California and wished for a miracle to relieve him of this place.

Gig was a handsome, dark-haired boy and seemed to be cut out of the same mold as his contemporaries—but he wasn't! Something had happened to him the summer before—something that he had never guessed could be true—but he found out in no uncertain terms that it was! He was as queer as a silver lamé hanky, and there was no getting around it! At a fishing camp on Humboldt Bay, he had attended a fish fry given by the father of one of his friends and he had

drunk his first bellyfull of beer. One of the guests was a huge redheaded giant of a lumberjack—a relative of the host's—and he had seen Gig's youthful, boyish beauty as an object to be conquered.

His name was Cam and he had guessed that the unnatural light in Gig's eye was an innocent come-on and his enormous pecker had immediately fought to get out of his pants. Coming up behind Gig, he whispered, "I'll get us some beer and we can sneak away to drink it. Want to?"

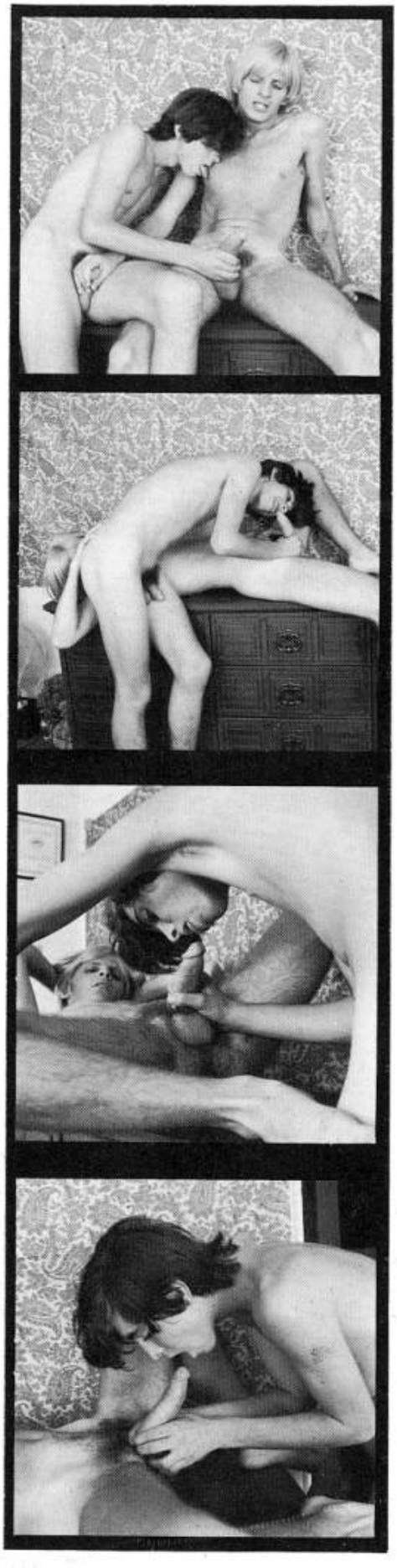
They never did get back to the party. Cam had him undressed before he knew it, Gig not minding because Cam undressed first and had a fabulous hard-on jutting from his blond loins, the likes of which Gig had never seen. Cam gathered some moss and small leafy branches and made them a bed under the starlight, insisting that Gig match

him swallow for swallow in a beer drinking contest. Naturally, Gig couldn't confess to this being his first beer and Cal, knowing it all the time, took advantage of it.

Cal appraised his youthful body appreciatively and remarked on what a nice cock Gig had. In his present state, Gig ate up the compliments and was completely at ease as he inspected Cam's gigantic cock from close range. "Would you like to feel it?" Cam asked huskily.

Gig reached out his hand tentatively and Cam helped him by thrusting his pelvis forward to meet the hand. Gig's fist couldn't even go all the way around it and in awe, he inquired, "Just how big is that thing, Cam?"

"Bigger than most!" Cam replied proudly. "Ever sucked a cock, Gig?"



The beer made Gig bold and he replied, "No—I've heard of it, but I've never known anyone who did it. Do you?"

"You forget that I'm a lumberman, Gig. What do you suppose we do for sex—jack off all the time?"

"You mean that you guys suck each other's cock?"

Cam chuckled and replied, "You can bet your sweet ass we do! Want me to show you how it's done?"

Gig had never been in such an affable mood and said, "Sure! I've already got a hard-on!"

"As if I didn't know that already!" Cam bent over Gig's mid-section and licked his drooling, helmet-shaped, snub-nosed crest. That did it for Gig—before the night was over, he had been sucked, sucked Cam and learned to sixty-nine. In the morning, Cam was gone for another six months and Gig searched the whole town for someone to share his new found secret with, but either there were no other cock-suckers in town or Gig was a very unsuccessful cruiser because there was no one to find.

He decided to stop in the drug store and have a Coke and went in. Sitting on the stool sideways, looking at the magazine covers, he suddenly spotted a blond boy sitting at the other end of the counter. Unaware that he was staring, the lad smiled at him and motioned to the stool beside him. In a daze, Gig picked up his half-finished Coke and glided to the offered seat. "Hello," the platinum-haired boy said warmly, "I'm new in Eureka and I have no friends. What's your name?"

"Gig Barnes. What's yours?"

"Darcy Waldor. Is there any fun to be had in this place?"

"The movies–some dances–fishing, hiking . . ."

"I wasn't exactly talking about that. How's it for sex?"

Gig grinned and said, "I suppose we've got our share of bad girls!"

"Oh, man! Are you square!"

Gig frowned and asked, "What do you mean?"

"Why don't you come home with me and I'll show you."

Gig's hopes soared as he looked into Darcy's dancing eyes. Could Darcy be the one he had been searching for? He did something he'd never done before and dropped his napkin so that he could look at Darcy's crotch. His gaze was rewarded by a well stuffed left leg of Darcy's pants. "I guess I can come home with you–I'm just putting in wasted time," he remarked.

As they walked toward Darcy's home, Darcy asked, "Do you like boys very much?"

Surprised at the question, but not wanting to turn Darcy off, he replied, "I had a real good friend last summer—a lumberjack from one of the camps."

"Aha! A huge, virile lumberjack, huh?"

"Yeah. He was blond—not as blond as you, but awfully good looking."

"Do I take that for a compliment?" Darcy asked innocently.

"I meant it to be one! And you look like you're built pretty much like him, too!" Gig said brazenly, looking down at Darcy's well-stuffed crotch.

"Hey! You really come on! Do you know what you're talking about?"

"*I* do—do you?"

"I think we're on the same wave length. You dig playing around with other guys—right?"

"I'll admit it if you will!"

"Why do you think I asked you to come home with me?"

Gig's spirits soared at this revelation and he said, "I hope you don't mind, but I've got a hard-on that won't quit! I hope it isn't showing too much!"

"The bigger the better!" Darcy exclaimed, "and I'm goddamned glad we're almost home!"

"What are we going to do?"

"Anything you're capable of—and I thought Eureka was going to be such a dull burg!"

They entered the quiet house and Darcy said, "Get undressed and I'll fix us a Coke."

Gig stripped hurriedly, the excitement making his prick go soft when he wanted it at its utmost! Darcy slipped back quietly into the room, naked and unseen, because Gig had his eyes closed and he was jacking off furiously to

get his erection to where it had been before.

"What are you trying to do—come without me?" Darcy asked in a feigned pout.

Gig opened his eyes and replied shamefacedly, "No—I just wanted it to be as big as possible when you came back!"

"Well, maybe this will help you!" Darcy said, getting on his knees between Gig's spread thighs and kissing the head of Gig's cock.

"That's pretty good, but just stand in front of me and show me your hard-on—that'll make me harder faster than anything I know!"

"Don't worry about it!" Darcy replied languorously. "We've got plenty of time and I'm sure I have things to show you that will make your ding-dong stand on end!"

Gig looked at the beautiful monster jutting from Darcy's loins and said, "Just don't lie to me if we're going to be good friends."

"What do you mean?" Darcy asked, puzzled.

Gig looked at Darcy and a slow smile played around his lips. "You might fool everybody but me!"

"I still don't get it!"

Gig pointed at the dark pubic curls from whence the magnificent giant sprang and said, "You're not a true blond—*that's* for sure!"

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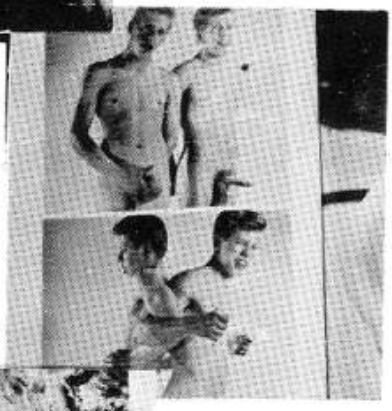

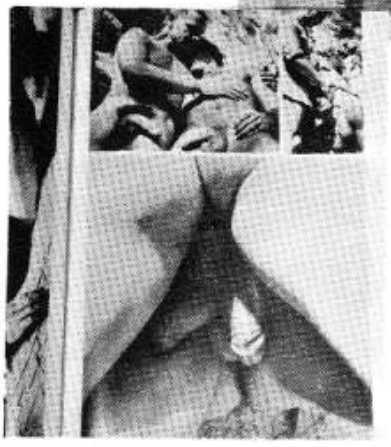

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